# The Lemon Grove REVIEW

IN THIS ISSUE

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## Summer Fiction

Summer is here and it's time to grab a good book or magazine (literary, or course) and get in some serious reading. You're not likely to find many East County writers, however, and that's where we come in. We solicited short fiction and got a fair tidal wave of response. Award-winning mystery writer Ken Kuhlken and Assistant Publisher Trudy Thomas sorted through the anonymous manuscripts. We've got room for five. Here they are.

## Composite by Joshua D. Burkett

Dan entered the bleached white room carrying a tray with two cups of espresso roast coffee and a dozen doughnuts. His ocean blue hawaiian shirt, which seemed to crawl with screaming yellow flowers, was in great contrast to the room. In fact, among four white walls, a white ceiling and floor, off-white office furniture and another man sitting in front of a computer, Dan seemed to be the only thing alive in the room.

The other man, face taut and pale, illuminated by a white screen, turned to greet Dan, almost wincing at the sight of the shirt.

"Hi, John," Dan proclaimed as he entered the room.

"What's with the shirt?" John snorted and returned to his screen. Dan smirked.

"Its my lucky shirt. I needed something to remind me of the outside world. You know, where the big, yellow fireball lights the massive void."

John was irritated. They had a lot of work to do. The Composite Project had gone on for months now. Eleven long months. And now, they were reaching an important climax. They could possibly reach its conclusion today. The last thing they needed was a distraction. But admittedly, they had spent most of those 11 months cooped up in one tiny room of the university or another. Only on rare occasions did John and Dan find themselves on the outside. John decided to play along.

"Great void with a yellow light?" he asked, trying to still sound irritated. "Oh, you mean the cafeteria."

Dan smiled. It was good to see that in the dark trenches of war, he had not lost his playful sense of humor.

"Doughnut?" Dan offered, now leaning over John's shoulder, reading the tiny writing of the computer screen. John reached over and grabbed the first doughnut he touched. He was hungry, but he had not eaten all day. For that matter, he could barely remember eating all week. Speaking and chewing, John explained his progress, smacking his lips with white sugary excitement.

"Almost ... ready ... withda ... composite ... couple ... (gulp) ... more composites and we can run Momma."

John sighed through his nose. Momma was their pet name for the Multiple-unit Organizational Mainframe. The M.O.M. system as an intricate program the two had spent years programming and creating.

The Composite Project gave Dan and John a perfect opportunity to test Momma before marketing it. And the project itself was a lot of fun. The University of God, which was no more than 3 years old, was looking for something to invest some of its project money into. Someone came up with the idea of testing the theory that God made people in his image. Dan and John's M.O.M. would allow them to collate as many pictures as they could download into the computer and, with a little manipulating, would give a crisp composite of the average of all of the photographs.

According to this theory, it would be the face of God. The University accepted their offer. But that was the easy part.

Dan eyes blurred. The fluorescent light was starting to get to him. Squinting, Dan read the text on the screen: "is still, however, possible. The Composite Theory states that all people contain a piece of God, as God made people in his image. If it were possible to assemble all peoples into one, say, composite, then the result would be a rough composite photograph of God. For the past 11 months ... " Dan looked away from the screen. John's writing was dry enough to chap the computer.

"So," Dan inquired, rubbing his eyes, "where are we?"

John replied, still typing, "We're almost ready. I'm just doing a little touch up on the presentation."

He had touched up on it every day for the past four months. Dan nodded and went to his office. Dan had a window in his office. It was a must. Outside the sun was just coming up.

In the darkness of his room, Dan noticed the red flashing light of his answering machine. Turning on a light, Dan hit the replay button: "Hi, you have reached the offices of Dan Peterson and John Riley. We are busy searching for God right now, go ahead and leave your name and number after the beep and we'll make sure he calls you back. Thanks ... Beep."

"John, This is Sue, your wife. Does the name sound familiar? The short blond with the enhanced breasts you married seven years ago. I just wanted to call and say 'I love you' and to come home. Oh, and bring home some rocky road and sweet and sour chicken. Thanks, hun ... Beep."

"Uh, hi, Dan. This is Bill Trust. The board members are getting kind of anxious, so I'm gonna drop by this morning. Ya know, check up on things. Um, thanks ... Beep." Dan sighed.

He hated suits. But Bill really put his neck on the line convincing the board to invest in this project. Dan went back into the room to give John the good news.

"Your wife called," Dan relayed the message as best he could, "Something about a short blond ... "

John interrupted, "blond with enhanced breasts, yeah, yeah, yeah, she left the message about one in the morning."

Dan yawned. Dawn had arrived way too early. "You were still here at one?"

John gave Dan a look. Dan had just noticed how puffy John's eyes were. He looked like a raccoon. John yawned himself and stretched. "I'm still here."

Dan wasn't altogether surprised. Especially this close to a deadline. Dan shook his head. "Bill's dropping by."

"Cool," John replied, not looking up.

Dan went back into his office. Sitting down with his coffee and doughnuts, he positioned his chair so he could watch the sun peak over the distant mountain range.

It was hard to believe that they were in San Diego. The climate was fabulous. It was the middle of winter and 70 degrees outside. It was hard enough for Dan to spend all day cooped up in his office when they were still in Nebraska. But now they were in San Diego. Dan bit into a jelly doughnut.

"Ready!" Dan stood immediately, wiping red jelly and white powdered sugar from his lips. John liked to drive Dan nuts. In fact, that and programming computers were what John did best. John was probably sitting there for hours waiting for Dan to arrive, just so he could wait for Dan to get situated and have him stand back up. Always a presentation. But Dan paid it no matter. It was time to rock and roll.

Dan jumped into the chair of a second computer in John's office. Battle positions. On both of there screens popped up a picture of a grey-haired woman smiling a motherly smile. To the right in Roman block lettering it read: "M.O.M." And below it in cursive: "The Multiple-unit Organizational Mainframe."

John clicked his mouse and a photo of Dan and John. The caption read. 'Brought to you by Dan Peterson and John Riley and the fine people of the University of God of San Diego." The screen flashed black and went to a white screen with a slender box in the center. A blue cursor awaited their password. John looked over at Dan, smiling, and typed in the password: "Think God." It had been Dan's idea.

The screen flashed again. The computer made a clicking sound. A few seconds later, a white menu with red lettering lit the screen. John zipped his way through a series of menus until the screen presented a list of names:

1) Census, U.S. 1971-1981, project dt. 1988
2) Tom cats, project dt. 1990
3) Fiction: "The," project dt. 1992
4) Think God, project dt. 1996
5) End

John hesitated and told Dan to press the

*Continued on Page 4*

# M is for Mayor

***Personal comments of Mayor Mary Sessom***

Whether you call it a "fire sale" or a fiscally wise move for safety purposes the discussion regarding proposed changes in the Lemon Grove Fire Dept. needs your input. At the heart of the discussion is the need to continue to provide good levels of fire service without pulling money from other projects, such as street and sidewalk improvements.

Approximately one year ago, the fire dept. was reorganized when the fire chief retired. The assistant fire chief was promoted and his position was left vacant. A lower salaried fire prevention specialist was hired to take over some of the duties that had previously belonged to the assistant fire chief. Some cost savings were realized, however, long range projections showed that this might not always be the case. The city council identified three possible paths we might follow to provide for our future.

The first path was to call together a meeting of all eight fire protection agencies in East County and explore different types of collaborations. I undertook the task of organizing such a meeting. Fortunately, all eight agencies sent representatives and all were interested in holding the lid on their costs while providing good levels of fire protection services. That group is still meeting and moving forward. Unfortunately, progress is slow and no immediate recommendation is on the horizon.

The second path the Council chose was to explore contracting for fire protection. The Council put together a committee to write a request for proposal (RFP) for such a contract. The RFP was then sent to several different fire agencies identified by the Council. Only one actually responded with a proposal. That proposal will be presented to the city council on June 19.

The final path was to stay with the status quo and either see how costs could be kept down or what funds could be shifted from other city projects to the fire department. The proposed city budget for 1997-98 shows a figure of $1,625,000 to maintain the fire department at its current level with no provision for raises for the firefighters.

The city council is discussing the future of our fire dept. on June 17 at 6 p.m. at the community center. Please attend, hear the presentation and share with us your thoughts. If you cannot attend, call any city council member or myself at 464-6934. You can also call your favorite city employees, the firefighters, and talk about this with them.


## The Lemon Grove Review

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# Lemon Twist

**by Cheryl Cohen**

It was all fine and well to install the new officers of the Lemon Grove Historical Society in the library, but seems to me that they'd look much better in their future home, the former Atherton Parsonage. Maybe they can be torn out and reinstalled when their new place is ready for them.

Their new president is a repeat: Dr. Amorita Treganza, star of television and vision. The vice-president is also a repeat of a sellout, John Davis. Helen Ofield is the new second vice president, who's position seems something like speaker of the house – she gets to take over in the absence of the top dogs (unless Alexander Haig shows up, that is). Lois Heiserman will be secretary and resident wisecracker, Arleen Dodson the one in charge of the dough and Pete Smith has been re-elected historian, probably because he's got all the blackmail material at his place. Congratulations, and thanks for all the memories!

On our way to the 20th anniversary of the city's incorporation, I will be sharing with you little historical vignettes honoring the history of Lemon Grove, as reported to me by various sources (most of them dead and channeled to me via Dona Clabby's energy): THE FIRST LEMONITES.

In the 17th and 18th centuries, Lemon Grove was first inhabited by the Lakamaca, Janduyaay, Shellehone, Shesshomas, Clabahbahooey, and Widyountadoubta indians, who raised assorted dogs for their bark, which they harvested and upon which they wrote secret messages. They soon learned to send coded smoke signals, until outlawed by city ordinance. Some ignored these ordinances, but were eventually arrested under federal laws, and used as examples to other natives, who became paranoid either from the smoke, or arrests – the record here gets foggy, as few could remember to write it down, and the rest wanted to remain anonymous. The fax machine, which came into use about a week and a half later, conveyed thermal and digital varieties of these secrets, which were sent almost daily to the first newspaper of the land, *The Lemon Grove Review*.

I have a solution for the carport and bike path issues in the city: If we all continue to beat them into the ground for another coupla years, they'll eventually be out of sight, and therefore out of mind. Simple.

To anyone that has complaints about the public comments portion of the Lemon Grove City Council meetings, I have this to say: Consider yourself lucky. You could live in El Cabong, where Sunshine Horton gets up to complain about gum under the seats. Between that and the boredom there, you'd probably even find yourself wishing for a good ol' Bob Baker report from John Wood.

Does anyone else besides me want to laugh when the city council meeting suddenly pauses, the council becomes an agency and the city becomes a district during the meetings? And, then, when it's over, they switch back. I want to take up a collection for different things for them to wear, such as some miner's caps (equipped with lights) for when it turns into the Lighting District. I'm not sure what the appropriate attire would be for a Community Development Agency, but until we figure out something better, maybe some maternity clothes would be in order. Be sure to send along any ideas you may have. Printable ones, that is.

By the way, if you've been living in a cave or something, and aren't aware of Southern Californian fires, you may be considering the purchase of a wood shake shingled roof. Not in this city you don't, Buster. There will be no permits issued for new roofs unless they're something other than wood shake shingled. Who'd want to install something that's so hard to say, anyway?

Send your tongue-twisted press releases, announcements and poems to the editor to *The Review*, or directly to me at 264-3153 (msg), 264-4180 (fax) or cirious@cts.com (Internet). Just don't make me say them fast three times.

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**Got computer problems? Check out the Business & Services Directory. See Page 7**

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# Katya

## by Paul Treske

The mobs had been prowling the streets for a week when Katya and her family ran out of food. There had been mobs like this as far back as Katya could remember; drunken, ugly, carrying torches and clubs. And always the same cries and curses, "Kill the Jews ... death to the Christ killers." Once from behind drawn curtains she had seen a cart laden with dead bodies move slowly past. Her mother had told her that these were Jews killed by the Cossacks. Thus it had been a week in which they had remained indoors and hidden.

Their apartment, three dark basement rooms, was fortunately just outside of Odessa's Jewish quarter. Katya's father had been a tutor for the children of wealthy families, a position of some prestige in Czarist Russia, so he had been able to afford a slightly better address. But he was gone now, working in America with his oldest son and daughters, raising money so that Katya, her mother and the four younger children could follow. Katya was twelve, the oldest of the children who remained. A tiny, slender, dark-haired girl, she had always been her mother's helper and companion. Not contemplative by nature, she enjoyed the tasks of the household; the cleaning, shopping and cooking that the younger ones often chose to avoid. Inquisitive and bold, she would frequently, in less turbulent times, go off alone to the beaches, to walk the long ornate boardwalks of the Black Sea, engaging the ever present ice cream vendors in excited descriptions of what life would be like when they went to America.

But that evening, America seemed very far away. During their week in hiding her mother had managed to feed them all by creating miracles with the few measures of rice, potatoes and greens in the pantry. Her mother was a strong, determined though good-humored woman who in her youth had been something of a family scandal. Flying against all Hebrew tradition and wisdom she had refused the marriage planned for her and run away with and married the man of her choice. To Katya this had always seemed unbearably romantic and, although little in her mother's current appearance remained of that rebellious girl, to Katya she was eternally young and daring.

Together now in the fading afternoon, mother and daughter discussed the growing threat of hunger. In a few short months they would begin their journey, too.

America, but that was in the future. Now the last of the craftily stretched rice and potatoes were gone and still the mobs prowled the streets seeking their Jewish victims.

"At least a little bread." Her mother's voice, although soft, carried a bit of desperation. Bread alone was never considered a sufficient meal even in hard times. But these were dangerous days and a loaf or two of bread could keep them alive and hidden until the mobs were gone.

"I'll go." Katya was the eldest and had always felt the responsibility of being her mother's helper and confidant. "The bakery is just around the corner. It's quiet now. Give me a few kopecks and I'll be back before anything happens."

The older woman studies the girl before her. She saw the dark eyes, wide with excitement, and the body trembling with youth. Katya was, she thought, the only one who had inherited her own fire and daring, but she could not let her go alone. There was too much risk. Katya was too young to know the depth of the danger surround them. All of Russia seemed aflame. The Czar, himself a target of much of the turmoil, seemed unable to control the populace and so, as always, they were given the Jews. Good Friday-like rage boiled in the streets with the ever present Cossacks stirring and arming the mobs and leading them to the Jewish quarter to smash windows and shops and best unwary Jews caught in their path. Predators marched in the streets and death and devastation was their mark.

That particular day had been quiet, a momentary halt in a flood of destruction. Perhaps it was over. Perhaps even the Cossacks had spent their fury for a while. If so, this was the time to try. The farmers' market where they usually bought vegetables, rice and milk was too far away but the bakery was only a block and a half. A few loaves of bread would satisfy the young ones and she and Katya could do with only crusts and tea until things were better. She made the decision. "We'll go."

The street seemed unusually deserted as Katya and her mother peered up from the partially opened doorway. That in itself was not unusual. The violence had driven non Jews as well as Jews from the streets in the past several days. Tensely they listened for distant sounds; the unique harsh murmuring made by a moving, shouting group of people still far away. But there was only silence. This was the time! It could all be done in minutes and once done it wouldn't matter if they had to hide for another week. Quickly they moved up the stairs and onto the street. As twilight settled on the silent neighborhood, the softness and quiet of the early evening seemed deceptively free of the threat of evil. The distance they had to travel was barely 200 yards on a street lined with houses similar to theirs. Once reaching the corner they had only to turn to the left and the bakery was there. Moving as swiftly as their long skirts would allow, they started up the street. Half way toward their goal they froze as the unmistakable mob sound crept down upon them. For an instant there was indecision as the desperation for food grappled with the urge for survival. In that instant it seemed they might have waited too long. Around the corner in front of them burst the mob! Muscular men in peasant garb marched toward them, faces flushed in the torchlight, clubs and broomsticks waved rhythmically to the growing chant, "Death to the Jews."

Indecision gone, the terrified women fled back to the safety of their dark and obscure basement. Once inside, the door bolted, they waited, clutching each other, praying that the predators would not seek them there. A few feet above their heads tramped the hundreds of feet. Torch light flickered past the edges of the curtains and sounds of hatred reverberated around them. Then as suddenly as they had come they were gone, storming ahead into the ghetto that awaited them.

Aware for the first time that several of the younger children were sobbing. Katya and her mother moved toward them arms outstretched with comfort. "Sha, sha," they whispered. "Soon, very soon, we'll be in America."

*Paul Treske is no stranger to Forum pages, a regular columnist and community correspondent in La Mesa.*

# Blue by Kalina Kretowicz

**The first time I saw her, I was struck dumb. She had the most electrifying blue hair, the exact color as her eyes. It seemed to me that she liked the color blue, because she always had it on. She even had blue lipstick. I wanted to tell her she looked like a Slupree, but she might get mad, I didn't know her ... I just knew she went to shows and she liked blue. That's it. A few times I made eye contact with her. God, I don't even know her name. My "friend," Krys, says her name is Dee, but I don't trust Krys 'cause she wants me or something. Anyway, the first time I made eye contact with her ... I had been staring at her and then she glanced at me and saw that I was looking at her, then she looked away. But I was being mean than night and kept staring. Then she turned around and gave me a hard-core dirty look that said to me," If you want to say something, say it." But I didn't, because that's when I realized she was with three big skinhead guys.**

**This was all at the same show. I should have told you this already. I mean, I have seen her before and all, but the whole looking back and forth thing was at this one show. So during the show, she's now standing with about five girls ... not guys for once. One of the girls happens to be Krys. Yuck. But I figure, "Hey, good time to introduce myself to that girl." So as cool as I could, I kind of pull this walk-saunter-push type thing over to them. I thought I was doing OK until I got there. Krys throws her arm over my shoulder and introduces me as her boyfriend. She's all: "Dee ... this is my boyfriend, Mark." Then Dee turns around says, "Uh-huh." And walks away. And wouldn't you know ... right back to the skinhead guys. I was sure I had lost my chance forever with her, thanks to good ol' Krys. God, girls are so much trouble. I just don't understand them. Sometimes it's not even worth it. Even as friends they suck. Krys is supposed to be my friend and here she is messing everything just because she has a habit of wanting everything she can't have. I used to have dyed hair, I had a fat purple mohawk and Krys said it looked stupid. She doesn't dye her hair colors like that, just black. When I told her I thought it was cool that Dee dyed her hair, she laughed at me and told me I was stupid. I don't know why she thinks that if she is mean to me and this girl I kinda like, that I'll like her more. What is up with that? We have nothing in common. She hates DK and likes Misfits. I like DK and hate Misfits. She hates rain, I love it. I don't know why we're even friends. Dude, she can walk home, 'cause I'm not driving her.**

**Anyway ... back to Dee. I didn't see her for the rest of the night or the week after that. But two weeks later, I see her at a smaller show. Small shows are good, because they are more personal. *Personal.* What a weird word. That word has so many strings attached it's unreal. Ugh! Oh yeah. Dee. She was there by herself as far as I could see, no skinheads around, yet. I caught sight of her around the side of the building. She was smoking. Smoking isn't one of my favorite pastimes, but this was my last chance, so I thought I would just put aside my straight edge beliefs for a sec. All I had to do was ask her for a smoke and the conversation would go from there.**

**So there I was in front of her and it wasn't looking as good as I had pictured. She was glaring at me, not smiling.**

**"What?"**

**She had this totally bitchy tone in her voice. The same tone Krys uses on me and I thought I would be sick. I was about to give up and walk away. I had already turned my back when I heard it, a small, quiet, apologetic, "What?"**

**"I was just gonna ask ... "**

**"Want a smoke?"**

**I didn't say anything, I just took it and lit it and half smiled at her. For some reason it tasted unusually good. I didn't think she would ever say anything, but finally she did. She's shy, I guess. We talked about the show I had seen her at and I told her I thought she looked like a Slurpee ... she laughed. Then I really don't know how this happened, but it started to rain. It was a goddamn miracle what happened next. She shrieked. I was heading for cover, thinking she was behind me. But when I turned around and saw her laughing and standing in the rain, with her blue hair dye running down her face ... I knew I was in love.**

*Kalina Kretowicz, 19, is a student at Grossmont Community College, taking anything that has do to with writing and photography. She first caught our eye last year with a nonfiction story about bias. She went into some shops in Parkway Plaza with blue hair and was treated poorly. She returned looking "normal," and was treated well.*

# PAUL AND THE FISH

## BY SYLVIA CHILCOTE

Paul hurried down the red-tiled staircase of the Milquartos resort hotel. Comfortably appointed, the building rested easily at the inland sea's edge, its profile softened by the draperies of lavender Wisteria spilling from its Spanish colonnades and balconies.

The beach beckoned in an expanse of shimmering white sands, nearly blinding in the late morning sunlight. Paul, already tanned to a warm bronze, hesitated, then turned instead toward the inner courtyard stepping into its surrounding of lush greenery and sparkling pools. He lingered a moment over the pasted brunch menu then took the table next to a quiet pond that was nearly hidden by the overhanging branches of the cascading Wisteria.

Paul had come here each morning of his stay, drawn to the same table as if by some strange spell. Now he found himself gazing down again into the clear water watching, nearly hypnotized, as the brightly colored carp swam languorously. During the week, he'd discovered that some of the fish, now accustomed to his presence, broke the water's surface near him with their generous mouths open wide in either preparation for a bit of toast or, he preferred to think, a welcoming smile.

One, unique from the others, was hesitant in its approach, never coming within reach of his fingers as they tested the cool water and gently touched the glimmering bodies swimming beneath them. Instead it hung back, whitely pearlescent, shaded across its shining body with flashing bits of pale pink and softest sea-green like the delicate inner side of a polished shell, enticing as a beautiful woman, hesitating in a shadowy spot at the pond's edge.

Paul thought obsessively of that fish throughout the days, wishing that it would come forward like the rest. He longed to gain its trust and that tantalizing shyness increased Paul's desire until, one night after dinner, he edged into the courtyard and crept slightly to the sheltered pond.

With each movement of the warm breeze through the pendulous foliage above, the lights from the hotel balconies danced in reflection on the water's surface. Paul, kneeling quietly at the pond's edge let his hand slip into its coolness.

Something visible, deep beneath the surface was moving, spiraling upward, glimmering dimly at first, then pulsating with a fierce energy from its rush toward him. The beautiful white carp huge and radiant with some inner light burst from the water pulling Paul down with its great weight, its lips clamped firmly over his hand. The cool water closed abruptly over Paul's head. For only a moment he could see above him a few sparkling drops striking in a pattern of ever widening circles across the pond.

At daybreak, the groundskeeper stood scratching his ear in wonder at the large puddle that lay next to the quiet pond where the young gentleman usually sat at brunch. Strange, he thought, glancing at the carp in their usual early swim. Even stranger, was the bronze-colored fish that kept breaking violently through the surface of the water. He'd never noticed it before. The large mouth was open unusually wide and its eyes had a glint of madness. It almost looked as if it was screaming.

*Sylvia Chilcote has lived in Santee and other East County points for more than 20 years. When she isn't busy compiling a collection of fanciful short stories, she runs the office and keeps the books at a local manufacturing plant. This is her first published short story.*

# Composite

*Continued from Page 1*

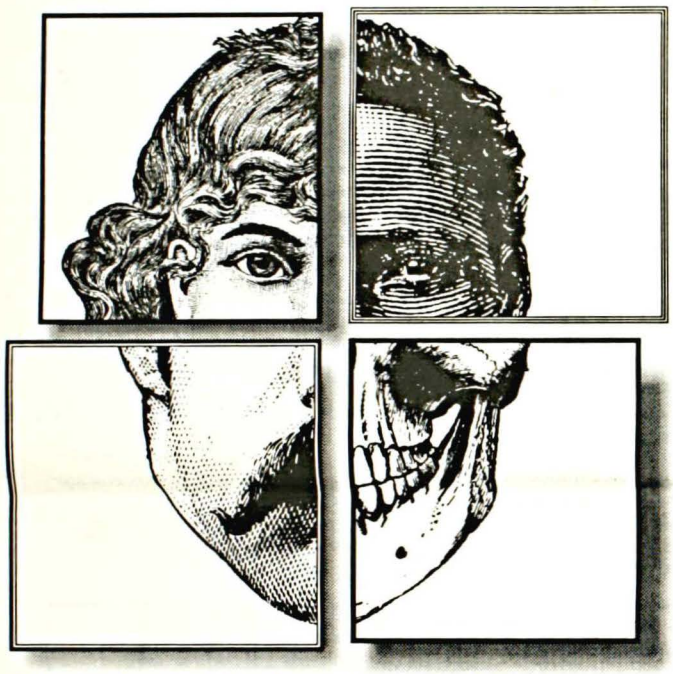
button. Dan, suppressing his own eagerness, paused, smiled at John, and pressed four..

The computer clicked again. The screen ran a series of statements: "Hi Guys ... Booting ... Searching for file ... Loading ..."

With each file it loaded, it produced a bar at the screen. On the left it said 0 percent and to the right it said 100 percent. The bar moved as it loaded each file. The messages continued: "Searching ... loading ... 10% ... 15% ... 26% ... 49% ... 50% ... 53% ... 65% ... 71% ... 89% ... 97% ... Complete ... Searching ... loading ..."

It continued in this fashion for a few minutes. The computer had over 400,000 photographs from all peoples all over the world. It was now loading each block of one thousand photos. It would take a little while. But it was still exciting.

They had only tried the composite function once before. In 1990, Dan and John loaded photographs of as many different cats as they could get a hold of. They managed to do it by putting an ad in a cat magazine looking for cat models, just send a picture and a S.A.S.E. It was beautiful. They must have gotten half a million photographs from around the world. Neither of them had any idea that there were that many cats in the world. The result was a rough, but still clear, image of what the average cat looked like. It was a orange stripped tabby, a tom cat.



The phone rang. Reluctantly, Dan got up and answered it.

"Hello?"

"Dan? This is Bill. I'm glad I caught ya. I don't know if you got my message, but I need something for today's board meeting so I'm dropping by."

"Um," Dan replied, "yeah, sure ... we're just putting on the finishing touches."

"Really?" Bill sounded surprised. "That's great. I'm on my way." Dan hung up the phone, wondering if that was a mistake. Dan rejoined John in his office.

As soon as Dan returned to his computer he noticed the top bar read 37 percent. It was almost finished with the initial downloading. The computer flashed again and was done.

Now the screen gave a new set of options. Wasting no time, Dan pressed "Compute." The screen went black and the computer whirred and clicked. A row of tiny white boxes appeared at the top of the screen. At the bottom the message read: "Command:" and a cursor blinked in waiting. Dan typed; "Composite Seq. 1." The 40 boxes, tiny as they were, all seemed to flash and settle on a picture. Dan typed the second command. "Composite Seq. 2." The 40 boxes linked two by two and each pair produced one composite. There were now 20 slightly larger boxes under the 40 original boxes. Dan typed: "Composite Seq. 3." The 40 boxes disappeared and now the 20 boxes paired up. Dan stood up.

"Let me get my coffee," he said, and went back to his office. Dan was nervous. If this didn't work, they would lose funding and make themselves look really bad. They might not be able to get the system off the ground. Grabbing another doughnut and his coffee, he returned to the computer.

"Ready?" John smirked. Dan smiled and at the prompt typed: "Composite Seq.4." Now the 20 blocks disappeared and under the 10, five large, clear boxes appeared. The pictures were crisp images. A lot sharper then they had imagined. They were almost done.

Dan paused, letting it finally sink in, and typed "Composite Seq. 5." He paused again and looked at John.

"This is it," he insisted. John just looked at him. Dan hit the enter button. The five boxes disappeared and then there was another bar on the screen. This bar, too, was marked 0% to 100%. It was slow at first: "01% ... 03% ... 04% ... 06%." Dan could not take it. He got up and went to his office to stare out of his window. John followed him.

"You okay?" John asked, concerned.

"Bill called, he's dropping by today." Dan shook his head. "I told him we were almost done."

"What?" John was irritated, but he suppressed the emotion. "Let's see what happens."

"Go check it out," Dan replied. "Let me know when its finished."

Dan went back to his office. The honest truth was that Dan did not give a damn about whatever Bill said. What was really starting to bug him was the seriousness of the project. There was an actual possibility that they were about to generate a composite of God, Himself. He had never been religious and, for whatever reason, had never given the concept a second thought. He was caught between wanting it, needing it to work, and not wanting it to work at all.

From the office John called, "Dear Lord!" Dan went running.

He found John staring at the screen, his jaw dropped, his eyes fixed steadily on the screen.

"What is it?" Dan asked and came around the desk to look at the screen. Dan almost fainted. There was only one white box left on the screen. The picture was crisp and familiar. Dan shook his head.

No, he thought, this is not possible. He glanced over at John, who had cracked a smile. Quickly his smile stumbled into a hearty chuckle. He was pissing his pants.

"This isn't funny, John," Dan spat. John began laughing even harder. He could not contain himself.

"Are you kidding? This is friggin fabulous. I can't wait to see Bill's face."

Just then a door shut down the hallway. In walked Bill. John straightened up. Dan shot up and shook Bill's hand.

"Okay guys, I'm in a hurry, whatcha got?"

Dan was flushed and frozen. John, biting his tongue to keep himself from laughing, pointed to the screen.

Dan looked closely at the screen and then smirked, "Oh cute, guys, Alan Alda. Real cute. The meeting's at two. I expect a fax no later than noon."

Bill started walking out of the room. "I don't know what I gonna do with you two."

"Now what?" Dan asked John.

"Now," John replied, trying to look serious, "I'm gonna doctor the process, fax it off, and go home. With any luck, I'll make it home in time for M*A*S*H*."

Unable to control himself, John burst into laughter. Reluctantly, Dan joined in.

*Joshua J. Burkett graduated from Mount Miguel High School in 1995. He was editor of the campus creative writing magazine,* Reflections. *He's now bagging groceries at Vons, but aspires to be a professional author.*

# Rainskiing

## by Steven Saint

Jackie was high on that ledge, the wind growling through the trees behind her. The lamplight below raced around the wet cliffs and valleys, the shadows seemed to lurch forward at great speed and then retreat instantly. There was shouting and laughing below. Luke's voice echoed on cold marble. Jump Jackie, he was saying. *Do it.*

Jackie used to eat lunch down in the quad with her friends, mostly college-bound kids in student government. Jackie was up for valedictorian, was respected, used. They used her for homework, she used them to feel good about herself.

Since Carl's accident, Jackie ate out on the grassy bank overlooking the baseball fields. She stopped doing her homework. She walked alone by the back fences of the houses behind the high school, forgetting about going to UCLA in the fall and imagining what job she would get.

No one from the quad lunch crowd had missed her so far. She didn't care. Her big brother had killed himself and soon she would graduate and get a job.

Today, Jackie hurried down from the fences onto campus to get her chem book. Someone came up behind her.

"Jackie?"

Startled, she whirled around. It was Luke Dyer. Jackie knew him from the varsity basketball team and because he was going out with Darcy Kimball in student government.

"Hi, Luke. Where's Darcy?"

"Jackie, we want you to go with us tonight."

"Where are you going?"

"Rainskiing."

Jackie knelt down and reached for her chem book. "Rainskiing?"

"Yeah, some of us are going tonight. We want you to come."

Jackie felt hot. She stood and closed the locker door. She really wanted to know what rainskiing was, but didn't dare let on that she didn't already know.

"When are you going?"

"I'll pick you up tonight. You can ride with me and Lacey Segretti."

Lacey Segretti was in the hippie crowd. Jackie was surprised that Luke even knew her. Luke was straight and hung around the kids who only talked about using drugs. Lacey really did. Lacey's brother overdosed last year on something.

"Is Darcy going?" Jackie asked.

"Hey, I've got to go. I'll pick you up tonight. Bye!"

Jackie set the table with five place settings. Clay saw it and slipped out of the kitchen to tell Dad. Dad walked in breathless and then paused, watching Jackie lay out the silverware where Carl used to sit.

"Princess ..?" Dad said, pointing. "Jackie ... "

Jackie looked up. Dad motioned towards the door to the garage where Mom was feeding the cats. Jackie's eyes filled with understanding and she quickly grabbed the fifth plate.

"I'm sorry, Dad. Habit."

"It's OK, Princess. No harm done."

Mom came into the house and the four of them sat down for dinner.

"You going out tonight, Jackie?" Dad said.

"Yeah, I'm going out with some kids from school."

"What about homework, Jackie?" Mom said.

"I don't do homework, Mom."

"Jackie, if you keep this up you won't even graduate. How will you get into UCLA if you don't graduate?"

"I don't want to go to UCLA."

Mom turned away. "Dad, talk to her."

"It's true, Jackie," Dad said. "Your advisor called today — she's concerned."

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Mom said, her voice thick. "Your friends — everyone is worried about you. You don't seem to care anymore. It's like you're dead inside. You and Carl weren't even that close ... "

"Pat!" Dad said, grimacing.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Mom said softly.

They joined hands for grace. Jackie started to reach for Carl's hand, then instantly sent the hand over to Dad instead. Dad saw it.

"Dear Lord, thank you for this food ... "

The prayer petered out and everyone began dishing up.

"Is this a group date tonight?" Dad asked.

"It's not a date, really. We're going rainskiing."

Clay laughed. "I never heard of that."

"Is the butter down there?" Dad said. "Now what is rainskiing, Princess?"

"I don't think she should go out tonight," Mom said, her eyes narrowing. "She looks a little peaked."

"No, I'm OK. Really. I need to get out, I think."

"What is this ... what did you call it? "Dad said.

"Rainskiing. I'm going with Luke Dyer and Darcy and some of the others. They're picking me up."

By nine o'clock, Luke still hadn't come. Jackie sat in the dark livingroom listening to the stereo. She could hear the T.V. down the hall. Someone opened the refrigerator.

"Jackie? Jackie, when are they coming?" It was Mom.

"Luke said between eight and nine," Jackie lied.

"I hope they come soon. I'm very uneasy having you out on the street late."

"Mom, I'm 18. I don't need to be in bed at ten."

"I didn't say you need to be in bed."

Mom got ice cream. Jackie sighed. Since Carl's accident, Mom'd gotten paranoid about driving late. She had it all backwards because they are actually fewer cars out late at night. But it was better to be backwards than think Carl had planned the accident.

"Jackie, I have a bad feeling about tonight."

Some headlights appeared in the driveway. Jackie grabbed her purse and sweater. "I'm going now!"

She pulled the sweater over her straight brown hair. If only I could have been flat-chested, she thought, looking at her reflection in the dark picture window. The sweater made her look fat. The doorbell rang.

"Hi Luke!" she said breathless.

"You ready?"

"Yeah ... do I need this sweater?"

They hurried down the walk to an idling pick-up truck. As Jackie opened the door, she saw several skis stacked neatly in the truck bed.

"Hey Jackie!" said Lacey. "What up?"

"Hey. Tell me where we're going."

"Rainskiing."

"I know rainskiing. But where?"

Luke looked over. "It's really a secret thing. I'd be surprised if you'd heard about it."

"Well, I meant ... never mind." Jackie sat back, a little nervous Lacey turned on the radio. No one said much. Then Luke started talking about last week when the group had rainskiied until midnight.

"The helicopters came pretty close. We saw one running his spotlight down over Encino or maybe out near Topanga Canyon. It was rad."

Lacey chuckled and switched stations. Soon they came to a long hill without streetlights. Luke drove up a steep dirt road, rocky and eroded by rain. He stopped beside some cars parked at the crest, turned off his lights and killed the engine.

"Let's go."

They piled out and Luke handed Jackie and Lacey skis to carry. They followed him towards a chain-link fence. Jackie could see the lights of the Valley glow beyond the line of the hillside. A strong wind came up. Helicopters?

They came to a place where the fence skirted a small ridge. The ground was dug out and the fence bent up to make an opening. Just beyond this passage was a sign. Jackie could barely read it. *No Trespassing.*

"Wait a minute, Luke. Where are we going"?

"Through this opening. If I can squeeze through, anybody can."

Lacy pushed her skis through and scooted down under the fence. She dropped to the ground beyond and picked up the skis.

"Luke, what about that sign?"

"It's cool! Don't worry."

"I don't want to get into trouble. All I need is my parents bailing me out of jail at two in the morning."

"It's cool. We've come here at lease once or twice a week for the last five months. No one's ever had any trouble."

"I can't go," Jackie said, backing away. "I'm not a part of the crowd anymore. I don't have to be cool anymore."

Luke pulled her towards him. His face was dark and eyes wide.

"Jackie, we invited you for a reason. None of us are in a crowd anymore. Life is too real for that now."

His eyes searched hers and she felt suddenly close to tears. Lacey fidgeted somewhere beyond. Jackie could not speak.

"Listen to me," Luke said. "We know your brother is dead. It's time for you to come rainskiing with us."

A wave of heat passed through Jackie. She suddenly remembered that Luke's father had died of a heart attack around Thanksgiving.

"Can I go put my sweater in the truck?"

"I'll carry it for you."

"I can't go!"

Luke took her skis and waited silently. Jackie pulled off the sweater. He helped her down into the shallow trench and pulled up on the fence bottom so she could slide under. Before she could brush off her jeans, he was under and leading them along the fence.

They walked in silence along a path which veered into a grove of trees. Jackie heard voices in the distance and an occasional call or laugh. There was a light somewhere beyond these trees.

They broke out into a clearing overlooking a small valley. The path dropped off into moonlit rolling hills, grassy and sparkling with fresh dew. Some kids with skis stood by a dim lamp on a wide plateau a little way down from the path. At the bottom of the hill was a sandy area and a flag stood beyond this.

"Wait a minute," Jackie said, her head clear and light. "This is the Woodland Hills Golf Course!"

Lacey giggled and started down towards the others.

"Luke, what is this?"

"It's the Woodland Hills Golf Course. We wait until they stop watering the lawns at nine. Come on."

He slipped down over the grass to the flat place where the others waited. The hills spread out like a million jewels, the course immense and inviting in the moonlight. Suddenly Luke was running back towards her.

"Quick, Jackie, into the trees!"

He grabbed her ski and hustled her into the shadows. Slowly, a round shaft of light moved out around the flag below and up the hillside. It zigzagged and flashed through the trees, then wound down the hill to their left and soon vanished.

"Helicopters?"

"No," Luke said. "That's the golf course searchlight. They run it around the course every half hour. We always know when it's coming, so everyone just figures out where they'll hide when the time comes."

The kids reappeared below and gathered on the flat place.

"What about the helicopters?" Jackie said, following Luke.

"The police fly by now and then, but we can't plan it. We can't hide from their spotlight. So we just don't worry."

They slid down to join the others.

"Everyone, this is Jackie Wilson. Jackie's older brother was killed in an accident last month."

Jackie's face flushed. Nobody had every said that. Not even Dr. Diggs. Not that bluntly. But the feeling soon passed. Here was John Gates ... and a girl named Liz. Jackie knew John had some kind of death in his family. She didn't know anything about Liz. They all greeted her and nodded, standing solemnly with their single skis.

"OK, everybody," Luck continued. "We know what we're here to do. We're here to rainski. We're here to let the world know how we feel. We're here to let each other know what it's like. So have a blast!"

Everyone ran to the edge of the plateau, sat on the skis and careened down the hills, yelling and whooping, banging into each other and rolling into heaps at the bottom near the sand trap.

Jackie was shocked, outraged, unable to move. Carl was dead, but he asked for it. He was crazy. He was always depressed and had to take lithium. Then he stole a car and they found him in a coma in Arizona. Mom and Dad put him in a home in San Francisco and he was gone for a year. That made Jackie the eldest son. That made Jackie the Princess.

Carl had planned it all.

"I can't do this," Jackie said aloud. "This is stupid."

Luke came back up the hill. He was wet and disheveled, but smiling now.

"Come on Jackie. Try it. Sit on the ski and just let it happen. Gravity will do it every time."

"I want to go home!" she turned away.

He pulled Jackie's moist face towards him, his eyes burning even in the darkness. "I never told my Dad I loved him. There was just so much going on and I thought I had time ... "

His voice trailed off. Jackie felt some of the heaviness break up inside.

"I feel so guilty," she whispered. "Somehow I feel like he did it to get at me."

"Come on. You've got to let it out. You've got to scream. Shout at your parents. Yell at God and tell Him the world isn't fair." Luke sat down on the edge of the hill and held himself in place with his feet planted on either side. Jackie couldn't move.

"Jump, Jackie!" Luke said. "Do it!" Then he turned his gaze towards the dark valley below. "Why did You take my Dad?!" he shouted as he slid away from her down the gleaming hillside. The others were winding their ways back up.

Jackie sat down on her ski, still stiff, still watching. Her chest and stomach were tight and she noticed that she was holding her ' breath. She could see Carl at the dinner table, moody, picking at his broccoli, then looking at her with his gaze going right through her and she knew that he knew, too. He knew she was smarter. He knew she was the achiever. He looked through her because he knew she was the heir to the birthright he could never claim himself. But he never said a word. He just picked at his vegetables and then went out and drove himself into oblivion.

*Do it!*

The wind was wild and the shadows pitched and lunged. JUMP!

Then her footing slipped and suddenly she plunged down the hill, gaining speed by the second. Screaming, she dug her heels into the ground to keep herself upright as the darkness swallowed her and the ground flew out behind like an immense, dank contrail. Before she had time to think about Carl dying, she was upended by the sand pit rim and toppled on her side. She broke out laughing and breathless.

For the next half hour she rainskiied. Up and down, down and back, whooping and shouting, cursing and laughing. Once she imagined herself to be Carl, racing in the car towards that intersection. Then she ran the red light, slamming into the flying Cadillac Seville that crushed her against the passenger side and then she got up and ran back to the top.

Then, she was careening down the hill and Luke was shouting to her from above. She toppled into a heap at the foot of the hill and waited as a shaft of light zigzagged up and down to her right. It shimmered on the aluminum flag pole on the green ahead, crossed the sand pit and skirted by her up the hill. Then it zoomed over, down and back, flashing in her eyes.

They found her.

For many long minutes the searchlight pinned her, hurting her eyes and forcing her head back into the soggy grass. Above she could see the outlines of the others, watching and waiting in a row on the plateau. They weren't going to leave her. Jackie waited.

A high drone grew louder from across the sandpit. The searchlight retreated from her and played down upon a golf cart whirring up to the green. A white-haired man drove the cart as the light followed him up to the edge of the sand pit.

He got out and surveyed the hillside, his arms rigid on his hips, his face in shadow. The light made a fuzzy halo on his cardigan.

"Kids, I'm McKutcheon, the owner of this country club. You've been out here skiing up and down my hills for almost six months. All this time, I'm sure, you thought I didn't know."

Someone was giggling up above. Jackie felt her shoulders relax and her back ease down into the grass.

"Sorry to burst your bubbles, but I do know what you're up to. I've been in the trees listening."

The man put his hands in his pockets and walked a couple steps, letting the light break out into Jackie's eyes. She covered her face.

"Kids, I have let you ski out here all this time. I never stopped you. You see, my son died a year ago. He was 20 years old and halfway through college. He was out one night doing a paper on urban crime when a couple of punks stabbed him. He died there on the street. No one found him until 8:30 the next morning."

The man turned around and climbed back into his golf cart. "Kids," he said. "Go on with your skiing. Keep shouting and carrying on and telling each other how you feel. Then when summer comes and golfing season picks up, find a new way."

Effortlessly, the car whirred around the green and droned into shadow. Then the searchlight was gone.

Jackie went back up the hill and rainskiied until midnight.

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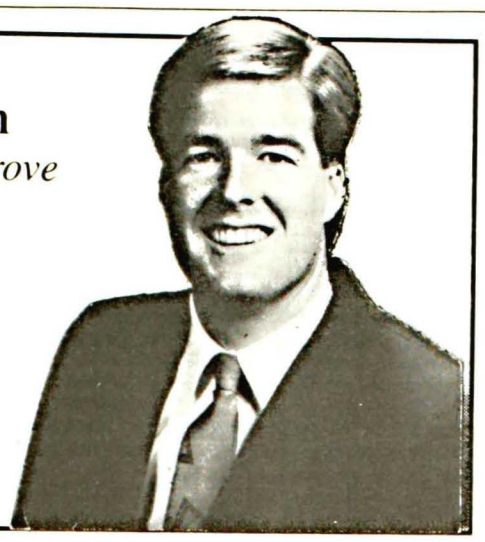

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# PUBLIC NOTICES

**NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE** Trustee Sale No. 97-00465-CW Title Order No. 7250603 Reference No. 10235319 APN No. 480-322-22-00 YOU ARE IN DEFAULT UNDER A DEED OF TRUST DATED 08/07/87. UNLESS YOU TAKE ACTION TO PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY, IT MAY BE SOLD AT A PUBLIC SALE. IF YOU NEED AN EXPLANATION OF THE NATURE OF THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST YOU, YOU SHOULD CONTACT A LAWYER. On June 19, 1997, at 10:00 AM, **Arm Financial Corporation** as the duly appointed Trustee under and pursuant to Deed of Trust, recorded on 08/19/87 as Document No. 87-468727 Book Page of Official Records in the Office of the Recorder of SAN DIEGO County, California, executed by: MARIO C. PALOMINO II, A SINGLE MAN, as Trustor, DIRECTORS MORTGAGE LOAN CORPORATION, A CALIFORNIA CORPORATION, as Beneficiary. WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER FOR CASH (payable at time of sale in lawful money of the United States, by cash, a cashier's check drawn by a state or national bank, a check drawn by a state or federal credit union, or a check drawn by a state or federal savings and loan association, savings association, or savings bank specified in section 5102 of the Financial Code and authorized to do business in this state). At: AT THE SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE AT, 220 WEST BROADWAY, SAN DIEGO, CA, all right, title and interest conveyed to and now held by it under said Deed of Trust in the property situated in said County, California describing the land therein: Lot 22, Excepting Therefrom the West 3 Feet Thereof, in Block 2 of Crestland Park, in the City of Lemon Grove, County of San Diego, State of California, According to the Map Thereof No. 1483, Diled I the Office of the County Recorder of San Diego County, October 14, 1912. The property heretofore described is being sold "as is". The street address and other common designation, if any, of the real property described above is purported to be: 7578 SAN MIGUEL AVENUE, LEMON GROVE, CA 92045. The undersigned Trustee disclaims any liability for any incorrectness of the street address and other common designation, if any, shown herein. Said sale will be made, but without covenant or warranty, expressed or implied, regarding title, possession, or encumbrances, to pay the remaining principal sum of the note(s) secured by said Deed of Trust, with interest thereon, as provided in said note(s), advances, if any, under the terms of the Deed of Trust, estimated fees, charges and expenses of the Trustee and of the trusts created by said Deed of Trust, to-wit: $72,305.67 Estimated. Accrued interest and additional advances, if any, will increase this figure prior to sale. The beneficiary under said Deed of Trust heretofore executed and delivered to the undersigned a written Declaration of Default and Demand for Sale, and a written Notice of Default and Election to Sell. The undersigned caused said Notice of Default and Election to Sell to be recorded in the county where the real property is located and more than three months have elapsed since such recordation. **Arm Financial Corporation** as Trustee, P.O. Box 85309, San Diego, CA 92186-5309, Telephone Number: (619) 452-4900, By: CATHY WOLLAS, ASSISTANT SECRETARY, Date: 05/27/97 NPP0028893 PUB: 05/29/97, 06/05/97, 06/12/97

**SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA**
**COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO**
CENTRAL COURTHOUSE
220 W. BROADWAY
SAN DIEGO, CA 92101-3409

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF
SHARON PATRICIA SCHROEDER

FOR CHANGE OF NAME(S)

**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME (CCP 1277)**
**CASE NUMBER: 00710378**

PETITIONER SHARON P SCHROEDER
HAS FILED A PETITION FOR AN ORDER TO CHANGE NAMES FROM
SHARON P SCHROEDER TO DAE THEODOCIA DRUMMOND

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in this matter appear before this court in Department ONE of the San Diego County Superior Court at the address shown above on July 2, 1997, at 9:00 a.m. and show cause, if any they have, why the application for change of name should not be granted.

It is FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this Order To Show Cause be published in the LEMON GROVE REVIEW, a newspaper of general circulation published in this County, at least once a week for four successive weeks prior to the day of the hearing.

DATED: MAY 6 1997

WILLIAM J. HOWATT, JR.
Judge of the Superior Court

Lemon Grove Review
May 22, 29, June 5 & 12, 1997

**FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT**
**Assigned File No 97013012**
The Name of the Business
LEMON GROVE PARALEGAL
located at: 8330 Adams St. in Lemon Grove 91945 is hereby registered by the following owner:
STEVEN ALBERT KRESCANKO
8330 ADAMS ST
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945
This business is conducted by an Individual
The transaction of business began on: Not applicable
Signature of Registrant
STEVEN A. KRESCANKO
This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on MAY 15 1997
Lemon Grove Review
May 22, 29, June 5 & 12, 1997

**SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA**
**COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO**
CENTRAL COURTHOUSE
220 W. BROADWAY
SAN DIEGO, CA 92101-3409

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF
JERRY LOCKHART

FOR CHANGE OF NAME(S)

**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME (CCP 1277)**
**CASE NUMBER: 00710736**

PETITIONER JERRY LOCKHART
HAS FILED A PETITION FOR AN ORDER TO CHANGE NAMES FROM
JERRY LOCKHART TO JERRY BATANIAN

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in this matter appear before this court in Department ONE of the San Diego County Superior Court at the address shown above on July 14, 1997, at 9:00 a.m. and show cause, if any they have, why the application for change of name should not be granted.

It is FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this Order To Show Cause be published in the LEMON GROVE REVIEW, a newspaper of general circulation published in this County, at least once a week for four successive weeks prior to the day of the hearing.

DATED: MAY 19 1997

WILLIAM J. HOWATT, JR.
Judge of the Superior Court

Lemon Grove Review
May 29, June 5, 12 & 19, 1997

**FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT**
**Assigned File No 97013800**
The Name of the Business
BAHIA DE ACAPULCO MEXICAN RESTAURANT
located at: 6929 Federal Blvd. in Lemon Grove, CA 91945 is hereby registered by the following owner:
YOLANDA BRAVO
6929 FEDERAL BLVD
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945
This business is conducted by an Individual
The transaction of business began on: 12/30/96
Signature of Registrant
YOLANDA BRAVO
This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on MAY 19 1997
Lemon Grove Review
May 29, June 5, 12 & 19, 1997

**FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT**
**Assigned File No 97014266**
The Name of the Business
ASPEN WINDOW CLEANING
located at: 7455 Broadway, Suite #184 in Lemon Grove, CA 91945 is hereby registered by the following owner:
GABRIEL CAMPOS
7371 CENTRAL AVE
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945
This business is conducted by an Individual
The transaction of business began on: 5/30/97
Signature of Registrant
GABRIEL CAMPOS
This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on MAY 30 1997
Lemon Grove Review
June 5, 12, 19 & 26, 1997

**FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT**
**Assigned File No 97014790**
The Names of the Business
1. CARGO UNLIMITED
2. THE HOUSE OF BASEBALL
3. WESTERN SEMI-PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL ASSOCIATION
located at: 7848 Silverton Ave. Suite A in San Diego, CA 92126 is hereby registered by the following owner:
JEFFERY RAYMOND SEWELL
2361 CHATSWOOD DR
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945
This business is conducted by an Individual
The transaction of business began on: N/A
Signature of Registrant
JEFF SEWELL
This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on JUN 04 1997
Lemon Grove Review
June 12, 19, 26 & July 3, 1997

**YOU ARE IN DEFAULT UNDER A DEED OF TRUST DATED November 22, 1994. UNLESS YOU TAKE ACTION TO PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY, IT MAY BE SOLD AT A PUBLIC SALE. IF YOU NEED AN EXPLANATION OF THE NATURE OF THE PROCEEDING AGAINST YOU, YOU SHOULD CONTACT A LAWYER. NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST Loan #: 3052695/Dehaven Investor Loan #: 044-3280565 Other #: 13123-91 T.S. #: NRW049138 A.P. #: 584-032-13**

Notice is hereby given that **Standard Trust Deed Service Company**, as trustee, or successor trustee, or substituted trustee pursuant to the Deed of Trust executed by **Steven J. Dehaven and Kimberly Anne Dehaven husband and wife** Recorded on 11/23/1994 as Instrument No. 1994-0678668 of Official Records in the office of the County Recorder of San Diego County, California, and pursuant to the Notice of Default and Election to Sell thereunder recorded 03/10/1997 as Instrument No. 1997-0104126 of said Official Records. **WILL SELL on 07/03/1997, At the front steps of the County Courthouse, 220 West Broadway, San Diego, CA at 11:00 A.M.** AT PUBLIC AUCTION TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER FOR CASH (payable at the time of sale in lawful money of the United States), all right, title and interest conveyed to and now held by it under said Deed of Trust in the property situated in said County and State hereinafter described. As more fully described on said Deed of Trust. The property address and other common designation, if any, of the real property described above is purported to be: **864 St. George Place, Spring Valley, CA 91977**. The undersigned Trustee disclaims any liability for any incorrectness of the property address and other common designation, if any, shown herein. The total amount of the unpaid balance of the obligation secured by the property to be sold and reasonable estimated costs, expenses and advances at the time of the initial publication of the Notice of Sale is **$166,421.40**. In addition to cash, the Trustee will accept a cashier's check drawn on a state or national bank, a check drawn by a state or federal credit union or a check drawn by a state or federal savings and loan association, savings association or savings bank specified in Section 5102 of the Financial Code and authorized to do business in this state. In the event tender other than cash is accepted the Trustee may withhold the issuance of the Trustee's Deed until funds become available to the payee or endorsee as a matter of right. Said sale will be made, but without covenant or warranty, express or implied regarding title, possession or encumbrances, to satisfy the indebtedness secured by said Deed, advances thereunder, with interest as provided therein, and the unpaid principal balance of the Note secured by said Deed with interest thereon as provided in said Note, fees, charges and expenses of the trustee and the trusts created by said Deed of Trust. We are attempting to collect a debt and any information we obtain will be used for that purpose. **Dated: 06/11/1997 Standard Trust Deed Service Company, as said Trustee 2600 Stanwell Drive, Suite 200 Concord, CA 94520 (510) 603-7342. By: Kathy Gillette Assistant Vice President RSVP 16876 06/12/97, 06/19/97, 06/26/97**

**NOTICE TO BIDDERS**

The Grossmont Union High School District will receive bids for
DONUTS & PASTRIES
BREADS & BAKERY ITEMS
Each bid shall be submitted on a form obtained at the Purchasing Department of said district, located at 1100 Murray Drive, El Cajon, CA 92020-5664 (mailing address: P.O. Box 1043, La Mesa, CA 91944-1043), shall be sealed and filed in said Purchasing Department on or before 10:00 a.m. on
JUNE 27, 1997
and will be publicly opened and read aloud at that time and place.
The contracts will be awarded to the lowest responsive, responsible bidders meeting specifications.
The Grossmont Union High School District reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to accept or reject any one or more items of a bid or to waive any irregularities or informalities in the bids or in the bidding.
No bidder may withdraw his bid for a period of thirty (30) days after the date set for the opening of bids.
In the event of identical bids, the Governing board may determine by lot which bid shall be accepted per Public Contract Code 20117.

Nadia Q. Davies
Clerk of the Governing Board
Grossmont Union High School District

BID #2684
BID #2685

Lemon Grove Review
June 12 & 19, 1997

**NOTICE TO BIDDERS**

The Grossmont Union High School District will receive bids for
PRINTING OF ADULT SCHOOL SCHEDULES FOR FALL 1997; SPRING AND SUMMER 1998
Each bid shall be submitted on a form obtained at the Purchasing Department of said district, located at 1100 Murray Drive, El Cajon, CA 92020-5664 (Mailing address: P.O. Box 1043, La Mesa, CA 91944-1043), shall be sealed and filed in said Purchasing Department on or before 2:00 p.m. on
JUNE 27, 1997
and will be publicly opened and read aloud at that time and place.
The contracts will be awarded to the lowest responsive, responsible bidders meeting specifications.
The Grossmont Union High School District reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to accept or reject any one or more items of a bid or to waive any irregularities or informalities in the bids or in the bidding.
No bidder may withdraw his bid for a period of thirty (30) days after the date set for the opening of bids.
In the event of identical bids, the Governing Board may determine by lot which bid shall be accepted per Public Contract Code 20117.

Nadia Q. Davies
Clerk of the Governing Board
Grossmont Union High School District

BID #2683

Lemon Grove Review
June 12 & 19, 1997

**NOTICE TO BIDDERS**

The Grossmont Union High School District will receive bids for
CANNED GOODS - STAPLES
HOSTESS SNACK ITEMS
Each bid shall be submitted on a form obtained at the Purchasing Department of said District, located at 1100 Murray Drive, El Cajon, CA 92020-5664 (mailing address: P.O. Box 1043, La Mesa, CA 91944-1043), shall be sealed and filed in said Purchasing Department on or before 9:00 a.m. on
JUNE 27, 1997
and will be publicly opened and read aloud at that time and place.
The contracts will be awarded to the lowest responsive, responsible bidders meeting specifications.
The Grossmont Union High School District reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to accept or reject any one or more items of a bid or to waive any irregularities or informalities in the bids or in the bidding.
No bidder may withdraw his bid for a period of thirty (30) days after the date set for the opening of bids.
In the event of identical bids, the Governing Board may determine by lot which bid shall be accepted per Public Contract Code 20117.

Nadia Q. Davies
Clerk of the Governing Board
Grossmont Union High School District

BID #2686
BID #2687

Lemon Grove Review
June 12 & 19, 1997

**NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE** Trustee Sale No. 96-15643 Title Order No. 8901875 Reference No. 313427-2 APN No. 577-211-03-00 YOU ARE IN DEFAULT UNDER A DEED OF TRUST DATED 05/12/93. UNLESS YOU TAKE ACTION TO PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY, IT MAY BE SOLD AT A PUBLIC SALE. IF YOU NEED AN EXPLANATION OF THE NATURE OF THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST YOU, YOU SHOULD CONTACT A LAWYER. On June 19, 1997, at 10:00 AM, **Professional Lenders Alliance Corporation FKA Professional Foreclosure Corporation** as the duly appointed Trustee under and pursuant to Deed of Trust, recorded on 06/03/93 as Document No. 1993-0353056 Book Page of Official Records in the Office of the Recorder of SAN DIEGO County, California, executed by: JOE DEAN JEPPESEN AND DEBRA L. JEPPESEN, HUSBAND AND WIFE, as Trustor, GREATER SUBURBAN MORTGAGE COMPANY, A CALIFORNIA CORPORATION, as Beneficiary. WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER FOR CASH (payable at time of sale in lawful money of the United States, by cash, a cashier's check drawn by a state or national bank, a check drawn by a state or federal credit union, or a check drawn by a state or federal savings and loan association, savings association, or savings bank specified in section 5102 of the Financial Code and authorized to do business in this state). At: AT THE SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE AT, 220 WEST BROADWAY, SAN DIEGO, CA, all right, title and interest conveyed to and now held by it under said Deed of Trust in the property situated in said County, California describing the land therein: Lot 3 of Block 22 of Monterey Heights, in the City of Lemon Grove, County of San Diego, State of California, According to Map Thereof No. 1966, Filed in the Office of the County Recorder of San Diego County, December 6, 1926. The property heretofore described is being sold "as is". The street address and other common designation, if any, of the real property described above is purported to be: 8010 CANTON DRIVE, LEMON GROVE, CA 91945. The undersigned Trustee disclaims any liability for any incorrectness of the street address and other common designation, if any, shown herein. Said sale will be made, but without covenant or warranty, expressed or implied, regarding title, possession, or encumbrances, to pay the remaining principal sum of the note(s) secured by said Deed of Trust, with interest thereon, as provided in said note(s), advances, if any, under the terms of the Deed of Trust, estimated fees, charges and expenses of the Trustee and of the trusts created by said Deed of Trust, to-wit: $132,718.77 Estimated. Accrued interest and additional advances, if any, will increase this figure prior to sale. The beneficiary under said Deed of Trust heretofore executed and delivered to the undersigned a written Declaration of Default and Demand for Sale, and a written Notice of Default and Election to Sell. The undersigned caused said Notice of Default and Election to Sell to be recorded in the county where the real property is located and more than three months have elapsed since such recordation. **Professional Lenders Alliance Corporation fka Professional Foreclosure Corporation**, as Trustee, 2033 N. Main Street, Suite 550, Walnut Creek, CA 94596, Telephone Number: (510) 933-4660, By: CRAIG HEITZ, FORECLOSURE SPECIALIST, Date: 05/20/97 NPP0029453 PUB: 05/29/97, 06/05/97, 06/12/97

**NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE** Trustee Sale No. 97-51107 Title Order No. 8902197 Reference No. 227750-065 APN No. 480-172-14-06 YOU ARE IN DEFAULT UNDER A DEED OF TRUST DATED 12/30/93. UNLESS YOU TAKE ACTION TO PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY, IT MAY BE SOLD AT A PUBLIC SALE. IF YOU NEED AN EXPLANATION OF THE NATURE OF THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST YOU, YOU SHOULD CONTACT A LAWYER. On July 3, 1997, at 10:00 AM, **Professional Lenders Alliance Corporation F/K/A** Professional Foreclosure Corporation as the duly appointed Trustee under and pursuant to Deed of Trust, recorded on 01/10/94 as Document No. 1994-0021564 Book Page 1904 of Official Records in the Office of the Recorder of SAN DIEGO County, California, executed by: RONDA J. ECHAVARRIA, A SINGLE WOMAN, as Trustor, FIRST CALIFORNIA MORTGAGE CO., as Beneficiary. WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER FOR CASH (payable at time of sale in lawful money of the United States, by cash, a cashier's check drawn by a state or national bank, a check drawn by a state or federal credit union, or a check drawn by a state or federal savings and loan association, savings association, or savings bank specified in section 5102 of the Financial Code and authorized to do business in this state). At: AT THE SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE AT 220 WEST, BROADWAY, SAN DIEGO, CA., all right, title and interest conveyed to and now held by it under said Deed of Trust in the property situated in said County, California describing the land therein: **EXHIBIT A PARCEL 1**: An Undivided 1/9th Interest as Tenants in Common in and to Lot 1 of City of Lemon Grove Tract No. 0033, in the City of Lemon Grove, County of San Diego, State of California, According to the Map Thereof No. 12953, Filed in the Office of the County Recorder of San Diego County, on July 24, 1992. Excepting Therefrom the Following: A) All Living Units Shown upon the Condominium Plan for Chatham Court, Recorded in the Office of the County Recorder of San Diego County, California on November 17, 1992 as Document No. 92-0738669 of Official Records. B) The Exclusive Right to Possession of All Those Areas Designated as Exclusive Use Common Area, Balcony Areas, Yard Areas, Parking Spaces, and Covered Parking Spaces, and Shown upon the Condominium Plan Referred to Hereinabove, and Which Are Conveyed by Grantor to the Purchaser of Any Living Unit. **PARCEL 2**: Unit No. 6, Including Living Area Element L-6 and Garage Area Element G-6, as Shown on the Condominium Plan Referred to Hereinabove. **PARCEL 3**: The Exclusive Right to Use, Possession and Occupancy of Those Portions of in Parcel 1 Described Above, Which Are Designated on the Condominium Plan Referred to above as Exclusive Use Common Areas Bearing the Same Number as the Living Units Described in Parcel 2 above Which Are Appurtenant to Said Parcel 2. "This Deed Is Made and Accepted upon the Declaration of Covenants, Conditions and Restrictions Contained in the Declaration of Covenants, Conditions and Restrictions Recorded November 17, 1992 as File No. 1992-0738670 of Official Records of San Diego County, California, and Any Amendments Thereto of Record, All of Which Are Incorporated Herein by Reference to Said Declaration with the Same Effect as Though Fully Set Forth Herein, and Which Covenants, Conditions and Restrictions Shall Run with the Land and Be Binding on Grantee, His Successors and Assigns." County Assessor's Situs Address: 7658 Central Avenue, Lemon Grove, California APN #480-172-14-06. The property heretofore described is being sold "as is". The street address and other common designation, if any, of the real property described above is purported to be: 7658 CENTRAL AVENUE, UNIT #6, LEMON GROVE, CA 91945. The undersigned Trustee disclaims any liability for any incorrectness of the street address and other common designation, if any, shown herein. Said sale will be made, but without covenant or warranty, expressed or implied, regarding title, possession, or encumbrances, to pay the remaining principal sum of the note(s) secured by said Deed of Trust, with interest thereon, as provided in said note(s), advances, if any, under the terms of the Deed of Trust, estimated fees, charges and expenses of the Trustee and of the trusts created by said Deed of Trust, to-wit: $115,286.97 Estimated. Accrued interest and additional advances, if any, will increase this figure prior to sale. The beneficiary under said Deed of Trust heretofore executed and delivered to the undersigned a written Declaration of Default and Demand for Sale, and a written Notice of Default and Election to Sell. The undersigned caused said Notice of Default and Election to Sell to be recorded in the county where the real property is located and more than three months have elapsed since such recordation. **Professional Lenders Alliance Corporation** fka Professional Foreclosure Corporation, 5 Hutton Centre Drive, Suite 1050, Santa Ana, CA 92707, Telephone Number: (714) 432-7715 Ext. 270, By: BRIAN COX, TRUSTEE SALE OFFICER, Date: 06/11/97 NPP0029089 PUB: 06/12/97, 06/19/97, 06/26/97

# Business & Service Directory

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**WHAT A NICE FAMILY HOME THIS IS!** Super private with a huge patio in the back and side! 3 large bedrooms and over 1700 sq. ft. of good living. Not too far from Griffen Park in La Mesa, this will be a home you will treasure.

***Your ad could be here***
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(With this ad)

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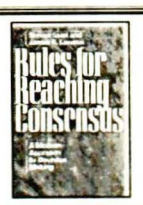


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*Rules for Reaching Consensus*
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# Classified

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## help wanted

**NEED DRIVER. Salary, hours negotiable. 491-2142** 7/3

**PART-TIME SALES.** Newspaper advertising sales reps needed for all East County communities. Set own hours, good commission. No experience necessary, but helpful. Will train. Great way to earn extra cash. Call Dan 461-4306 between 8:30 a.m. and 10 p.m.

**DISCOVERY TOYS:** Homebased biz. Ed. toys, books, software. Party plan. Flexible. Donna 463-2669. 5/29

**RETIRED SENIOR CITIZEN** to help with activities ina six bed residential facility in El Cajon. No caregiving. 3 days, 3 - 5 hrs/day. 449-6728. Lv Msg. All calls answered. 6/5

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471 W. Douglas Ave. El Cajon
$5 per hour & bonus to start
7 am - 2 pm M-F 6/12i

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6/12

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6/12

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**LAKESIDE $350 mo** 561-8722 Furn. 6/5

**OFFICES AND STORAGE FOR LEASE** - 200 sq. ft. & up. 7752 North Ave., Lemon Grove. 464-4918.

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**MOVING SALE Sat. 6/14 8 am - 4 pm** Great stuff for whole family. **9680 Lutheran Way, Santee.** 6/5

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**Message**

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**City** _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

**Phone** _____

Mail to: **Forum Publications, Inc.**, P.O. Box 127, Lemon Grove, CA 91946

# Lemon Grove Chamber of Commerce GAZETTE

## And The Beat Goes On

**by Mary England**

Well, we've certainly had a busy month and look forward to an even busier Summer! Welcome to our new Ambassador Chair-person, Tine da Rosa from Alpine Equipment Rentals for joining our team and helping with our membership recruitment and services! Give her a call and join her committee, she'd love to have you!

It seems that the media has an on-going interest with our fair City, its residents, our history and of course — our lemon! Ken Kramer, representing Television Channel 7/39, has an interest in all of the above, so we invited him to the Chamber office to view our historical pictures, go across the street and see our lemon and sent him to Amorita Treganza to get the historical information "first-hand!" The program aired last week!

We would like to invite *all* of you to the June 18 mixer being hosted by Wildflower Homes. If you haven't gotten a call from the Chamber staff to attend and you are interested, call the office-469-9621 and RSVP! Thank you Dick and Marie Tuthill, in advance for your generous hospitality!

We are excited to have an opportunity to "spotlight" our community at the Del mar Fair on Wednesday, June 25 — visit us at the City of Lemon Grove booth!

The Chamber is continually looking for creative ways to promote our City! Last month's article asked for input from you regarding the type of member services you would like and other items that we can do for you. Hearing no response from the business community we have taken the "lead" and have created a Member Services committee, chaired by Ron Skillman of Union Bank to design an array of services that enhance your Chamber membership. So, you can still call us and give us your ideas! An upcoming event is the product of listening to our membership. One of our members suggested a "Progressive Dinner." We took the ball, ran with it! Mark your calendars now — The progressive dinner is being held on Saturday, Aug. 23. You will visit (3) local homes, be treated to appetizers at one, a main course at another and dessert at the last home — all for the price of $20. We believe this is an excellent way to enjoy great food, great friendship and have a great time! Call now to reserve your tickets-this will be an entertaining evening, with several surprises in store!

Concerts In The Park are just around the corner and the Chamber committee, chaired by Bob Holaday, have completed all the plans to provide quality food and drinks that will fit into anyone's budget! We have expanded our menu to include an all-time favorite — PIZZA, so stop by the Chamber food booth and taste some of our "delights"! Back by popular demand — those awesome homemade brownies still only 50 cents a piece! Rumor has it that Colleen Ruis Jackson of Letter-Kraft Printing and Erica Aldrich may be those "artful" face painters again this year! So-o-o get ready to celebrate the summer in style-join us in July for another entertaining "Concerts In The Park" sponsored by our very own Chamber member Boll Weevil!

Speaking of our wonderful Chamber members this is a great opportunity to thank everyone who helped us at the Chamber booth at Old Time Days. We had a great time, while helping sell raffle tickets, verify prize winners, sell mugs and T-shirts. The "man of the hour" award goes to Jim Murphy, owner of J & L Security, who was at the booth for almost the entire two days! Thanks Jim. Chamber members like you are the reason that the Chamber can participate in the community and have a presence at many local functions! We have a lot of activities planned for the rest of the year and are sending out a "Year In Review" calendar of events-so look for your copy in the next several weeks!

Did you know? The Lemon Grove Chamber of Commerce is 50 years old this year! That's right, many of you have been involved throughout many of those 50 years — so we are planning several activities to commemorate this historic milestone in Lemon Grove's history! It is only fitting that the "Golden" anniversary be highlighted by our "Gold Rush Fever" Casino Night on Oct. 11 — lots of fun-filled activities are being planned-so don't miss your "golden" opportunity to be a part of this memorable evening!

## Calendar of upcoming events & community activities for your benefit

**July - 1997**

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| July 1st | The City of Lemon Grove's "official" birthday<br>**Time:** 6 - 7:30 p.m. - Lemon Grove Community Center, 3146 School Lane<br>Goods & services donated by the following Chamber members:<br>Invitations & response cards - Letter-Kraft Printing<br>Coffee, lemonade & paper products - Top Hat Catering<br>Cake - Grove Pastry Shop |
| July 9th | CHAMBER BOARD MEETING - 5:30 p.m. at the Fire Station<br>All members welcome! |
| July 10th | Concerts In The Park - Don't cook tonight - Let the Chamber serve you fresh hot dogs, hamburgers, chicken sandwiches, chips, soft drinks and those awesome brownies!<br>**Time:** 6:30 p.m. to 8 p.m. |
| July 15th | CITY COUNCIL MEETING<br>**Time:** 7 p.m. - Lemon Grove Community Center, 3146 School Lane |
| July 17th | Concerts In The Park - Linda Rae & Break Heart Pass<br>Dinner and refreshments are still available at the Chamber food booth!<br>**Time:** 6:30 p.m. to 8 p.m. |
| July 24th | Concerts In The Park - Bring the whole family and enjoy<br>the Royal Ts and barbecue - Chamber style!<br>**Time:** 6:30 p.m. to 8 p.m. |
| July 31st | Final Concerts In The Park with the Fabulous Ultratones<br>Chamber barbecue still going strong - don't cook - let us cater to you!<br>20th anniversary cake cutting celebration for our City!<br>**Time:** 6:30 p.m. to 8 p.m. |

## Legislative Matters

**by Jack Moore**

Several bills passed the Assembly Revenue & Taxation Committee affecting business.

AB 8 (Leach) supported by California Chamber to eliminate the minimum $800 franchise tax for the first five years of a new corporation. This would encourage and assist new start-up businesses.

AB479 (Pringle): 10 percent corporate tax cut proposed by Gov. Wilson. Although California tax climate has improved, the state still has a high bank and corporate tax rate compared to other states.

The Governor's budget proposes $18.1 million for CalJOBS, a computerized job-matching program using Internet technology. The funding will enable county welfare departments to buy, install, and maintain 1,500 computers. Such pilot projects for such a system is in place at EDD offices in eight cities in Central and Northern California.

Infrastructure Bank: In his budget revision, the Governor proposes $50 million appropriation to the California Infrastructure and Economic Development Bank to assist local governments. This is in addition to the proposed $200 million general obligation bond proposed to be put before the voters to fund the bank (SB-847 Thompson).

Recent Worker's Compensation reforms are being threatened by SB 470 (Solis) and AB 956 (Figueroa) sponsored by the AFL-CIO to increase weekly disability benefits to $574 or 1.5 times the state average weekly wage-which ever is higher. Cost to the system: $513 million per year.

COUNTY. "Regional Healthcare Master Plan." The County Board of Supervisors approved a proposal (introduced by Dianne Jacob) for a Regional Healthcare Advisory Council to evaluate the healthcare system in San Diego. Healthcare experts, educators and some non-profit foundations are expected to be involved. Supervisors Ron Roberts and Dianne Jacob will be co-chairing at least two regional meetings. Supervisor Jacob is soliciting your input by calling or writing her with your thoughts and suggestions.

CITY OF LEMON GROVE. The May 15 issue of this paper gave comprehensive coverage to STA III proposals by developers to build theaters and shopping complex on the 17 acres bordered by Massachusetts Ave. Broadway, and Freeway 94.

The City Manager submitted his proposed 1998 budget at the May 6 meeting. The previously proposed Economic Development Analyst position was deleted. The final budget is scheduled for approval in June, effective July 1, 1997. The Planning Director announced his retirement. The Public Works Director is requesting two new positions: Another supervisor and an inspector.

## Letters to the Editor

The Lemon Grove Firefighters invite all of our concerned citizens to attend the upcoming special City Council meeting scheduled to June 19. The sole purpose of this meeting will be to ask council for direction to begin negotiations to improve service to you, the citizens we serve.

Unfortunately some misinformation has already began to be distributed to the citizens of Lemon Grove. This information has come from a council person who had not even received any information or *facts* regarding the stated "Fire Sale." The Request For Proposal (RFP) had not been received at the time the "Fire Sale" article was published, therefore, factual information was not available.

The RFP process began last August with a Town Meeting to discuss alternatives for fire protection. Escalating costs and demands have placed an extreme burden on the current system. A committee was formed and approved by council, not individuals, to explore and solicit proposals from other fire agencies. Acting as responsible public officials, council has now received a proposal. This proposal will be the sole item discussed at the meeting.

The Lemon Grove Firefighters *support* the majority of your council, endorsing the RFP project. The proposal *increases* the level of service to our city. The increase of service *does not increase cost.* Furthermore, there cannot be any new tax to fund this proposal as stated in the "Fire Sale" article. The passage of Proposition 218 *protects against any new tax requiring a two-thirds vote* of the people for passage. Your council persons should know this.

As for this windfall pay raises for your firefighters, simply inaccurate. In most cases the firefighters will actually receive less compensation for a few years. This is not an issue to your firefighters, your safety is our most important concern.

TIM LAFF
President, Lemon Grove Firefighters
Local 2728

***Don't forget!***

## The Chamber Sundowner/Mixer

**5:30 - 7:30 p.m., June 18th**
**69th & Mt. Vernon**

**Hosted by Wildflower Homes**